

The Critic

J. L. & J. B. GILDER, EDITORS.

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International Dishonesty.

IN vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing *will* continue stealing.

The whole question of international copyright is summed up in this pithy stanza, written a few weeks since by Mr. Lowell and printed in the current *Century*. The laws which permit citizens of the United States to reprint without permission, and to sell without paying for, the product of foreign brains, are laws framed in the interests of dishonesty. It is easier to legalize theft than to justify it, for there is a moral law against it that can never be amended in its favor—the law long since embodied in the Eighth Commandment. So long as stealing continues to be stealing—that is, until the crack of doom—the robbery of authors will be as great a crime as the robbery of merchants or manufacturers; and the only thing that has ever blinded any one to the criminality of literary theft is the fact that it is so much easier to rob a writer than a maker of, or dealer in, tangible goods. To steal a *book* is abominable; to steal the *contents* of a book is right and commendable. So the opponents of international copyright have always held; so, doubtless, they hold still; but there are not quite so many of them as there used to be, and those who remain are beginning to feel a little shy about advancing some of the old arguments.

Until ten or twelve years ago, the lack of an international law for the protection of foreign authors and their publishers in this country, was partly atoned for in practice by the 'courtesy of the trade,' which enabled an American publisher to pay a royalty to a foreigner in the assurance that his rivals would not reprint a book published here by arrangement with the author. This tacit understanding, though creditable to the publishing fraternity, did not, however, justify our Government's failure to exact fair dealing with foreign authors; and now that 'trade-courtesy' is played out, the publishers who once were satisfied with its workings are leagued with the authors in an effort to secure something better adapted to present needs. Good as this 'courtesy' was, it blocked the way to something vastly better—to wit, an honest law; for the first question to be considered in this connection is not one of courtesy, or generosity, or practical expediency, but of simple decency and honest dealing. It is a moral question, not a question of politics or political economy; and this fact should be borne in mind whenever the subject is discussed.

One of the greatest sufferers under the existing state of affairs is the native author. Unlike any other laborer in the great American workshop, he is forced to compete, not with the imported European 'pauper,' not even with 'Chinese cheap labor,' but with the skilled workmen of every land and nation, who must do their best work for his employer without charging him a cent. Having devoted his life to the study of philosophy, the American author offers a publisher a treatise embodying the fruits of years of thought and labor. 'But why should I buy this from a comparatively

unknown writer,' the publisher demands, 'when I can get Herbert Spencer's latest work for nothing?' Or he has written an essay on art, or a volume of sermons, or a romance of the Nineteenth Century, or a bookful of tuneful verses. 'But,' says the publisher again, 'I should have to pay you one cent out of every ten I should charge your readers, and I can publish anything of Ruskin's, or Farrar's, or Black's, or Zola's, or Tennyson's, without paying a farthing for it.' And so the poet, or preacher, or novelist, or philosopher, as the case may be, comes to realize the disadvantage of being born with more brains than are necessary to the fitting of a lock or the painting of a railway-car. Herein appears the iniquity of the thing. Its absurdity lies in the fact that this grotesque form of free-trade obtains in a land that stands loyally by the principle of protection.

Testimony taken before a Senate committee last week indicated that the literary tastes of the people are being surely debauched by the flood of illegitimately cheap literature which has swept over the land since 'trade-courtesy' became a thing of the past. The sale in America of certain standard works by English authors has been killed by it. The market for novels by American writers of any but the first rank has virtually ceased to exist. For it is essential to the success of the cheap 'libraries' through which a great majority of American readers are supplied with mental pabulum, that they should be published not only at regular but at brief intervals; and, the supply of good literature being limited, the gaps are filled with trash. Hence it follows that the American reader is not the most inconsiderable sufferer under this system of legalized plundering. His loss is not so much a pecuniary as a spiritual and mental one. He is tempted by their cheapness to buy five books where formerly he bought one. Instead of getting a cloth-covered classic for a dollar, he buys two good books and three worthless ones for twenty cents a-piece. His intellectual gain from reading the former is more than counterbalanced by the loss involved in reading the latter. And pecuniarily he is a loser, too; for a paper-bound volume wears out ten times as speedily as one covered with substantial cloth. So long as readers are content to buy imported trash because it is cheap, authors at home will lack encouragement to serious composition. Thus the reader suffers mentally, the writer pecuniarily, and the whole nation spiritually from this singular perversion of justice which bestows upon crime the stamp of legality. The time-honored argument that international copyright would raise the price of books is a plausible one, but it can have weight only with those who hold that

They should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Books will still be cheap, even if not quite as cheap as now.

SUPPORTING THE HAWLEY BILL.

On Thursday morning of last week, the Senate Committee on Patents, to which has been referred Senator Hawley's bill to secure international copyright, gave a hearing to persons interested in the passage of the proposed law, which reads as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.

SEC. 1. That the citizens of foreign States and countries, of which the laws, treaties, or conventions confer, or shall hereafter confer, upon citizens of the United States rights of copyright equal to those accorded to their own citizens, shall have in the United States rights of copyright equal to those enjoyed by citizens of the United States.

SEC. 2. That this act shall not apply to any book or other subject of copyright published before the date hereof.

SEC. 3. That the laws now in force in regard to copyright shall be applicable to the copyright hereby created, except so far as the said laws are hereinafter amended or repealed.

SEC. 4. That section forty-nine hundred and seventy-one of the Revised Statutes of the United States is hereby repealed; section forty-nine hundred and fifty-four is amended by striking out the words 'and a citizen of the United States or resident

therein; section forty-nine hundred and sixty-seven is amended by striking out the words 'it such author or proprietor is a citizen of the United States or resident therein.'

SEC. 5. That the proclamation of the President of the United States that such equality of rights exists in any country shall be conclusive proof of such equality.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, is Chairman of the Committee. Among its other members is ex-Secretary of the Interior Teller. The American Copyright League was represented by Arthur G. Sedgwick, Chairman, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, George Walton Green, Secretary, and Joseph B. Gilder, Treasurer, who with Mr. Stedman constitute its Executive Committee. Dr. Crosby was heard first. He said the Hawley bill should pass as a matter of public justice, and for the highest interest of the American people. The bill, he explained, did not propose to give to foreign authors the same rights they received from their own country, but the same rights that we gave an American author here, provided the foreign country acted in the same way. The project, Dr. Crosby took pains to say, had nothing whatever to do with protection or free trade, and it was supported by both free traders and protectionists. The non-copyright system, he said, was not only the stopping of certain foreign books, but the seizure of such books to be sold for our own benefit. We were behind all the civilized nations of the earth in the matter of copyright, and the American author was subjected to the grossest injustice under the present system. Senator Hawley, who is not a member of the Committee but attended the hearing, followed Dr. Crosby, and occasioned some surprise by saying that he would be willing to add to his bill a clause requiring that foreign books, to secure copyright in this country, should be manufactured here. As the Copyright League had pledged itself to the support of the bill in the hope that it might be passed without such a limitation, some disappointment was felt at Senator Hawley's unexpected change of base; but as the League had never declared that it would not support a bill so restricted, however much it might prefer a broader one, it was deemed best, after a brief protest from Mr. Sedgwick, to continue its efforts in behalf of the measure even if amended in Committee.

Mr. Henry Holt, the publisher, sketched the operation of the system of 'trade-courtesy,' in accordance with which, before the period of cheap editions and of republication of foreign works in periodical form, leading American publishers arranged with British and other authors to bring out their works in this country and to pay them a royalty. The system of 'trade courtesy' was of great benefit to the foreign author, being, in fact, a substitute for an international copyright law. The large margins in the publishing business induced others to engage in the business of republication who did not make any arrangement with the foreign authors, and who paid the latter nothing. Every American author, as a result of this system, has to face substantially the opposition of all European authors. Hence the average American author can sell only about one-third as many books as he could under other circumstances and under the old system. The average royalty to the American author of a book that sells for \$1 is 10 cents. The average royalty on a 20-cent book is not 2 cents, but 1 cent. The sale of a 20-cent book is seldom five times as great as the sale of a \$1 book. The reduction in price, therefore, does not benefit the author. The competition of these cheap reprints is ruinous to all books. Mr. Holt cited an instance in the recent experience of his own publishing firm, where an admirable work of fiction, favorably received by all the critics, had yielded the writer nothing, in consequence of the present barbarous system of competition.—Mr. George Ticknor Curtis suggested that an expert commissioner be appointed to visit Europe and ascertain the disposition of foreign powers to reciprocate with the United States in the matter of international copyright. It was stated in this connection that Mr. Gladstone, who was about to resume office

in England, stood ready to secure the Queen's order in Council, granting reciprocity in Great Britain and her colonies. Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Mr. Horace E. Scudder expressed themselves as in favor of a manufacturing clause. Both of these gentlemen are intimately associated with publishing houses, and consequently occupy a different position in relation to the copyright question from that occupied by authors not so allied. Mr. Eugene Schuyler, Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. Laurence Hutton, Mr. R. R. Bowker, Professor Langley, and several members of the Committee to which the bill has been referred in the House of Representatives, were present throughout the proceedings.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, President of the Copyright League, appeared before the Committee on Friday morning. Replying to the remarks of Mr. Gardner Hubbard, who had argued that Congress had no right under the Constitution to pass a copyright law for the benefit of authors, he said that there seemed to be a feeling that books, like umbrellas, were *fera natura*. Nobody supposed that there could be property in an idea, but there was property in the fashion given to the idea. The Constitution had already recognized that in conferring the power to grant patents. Patents were nothing but ideas fashioned in a certain way. For instance, the Bell Telephone was precisely a parallel case with books, and there were a great many people in this country interested in the Bell Telephone. It seemed to him that many things said in opposition to the international copyright were, like the statements of Mr. Hubbard, purely hypothetical. Mr. Hubbard had said that such a right would make books dearer. He did not think there was the slightest evidence upon which the opinion could be based. His own decided opinion was that it would make books cheaper. Mr. Hubbard had also said that it would tempt publishers to make large profits on small editions. He should have had a more general knowledge of the book trade. The opinion was based on the practice in England of publishing an expensive edition first. But even in England the price of books soon falls. Mr. Lowell was perfectly satisfied that the result of a copyright law would be to transfer the great bulk of the book trade to America. It seemed to him that there was a certain reason for thinking so, in what was known of the instincts and tendencies of trade. If the larger market was here, if books had to be printed of the cheaper form in order to suit that market, he thought they would be so printed. So far as the American public was concerned, it seemed to him that if they have their books cheap, it did not so much matter where they were printed. He took the moral view of the question. He believed that it was a simple question of morality and justice, and that many of the arguments which Mr. Hubbard used were arguments which might be used for picking a man's pocket. One could live a great deal cheaper from other people without any labor; but the practice was not called honest when he was young. It was only 200 years since it was considered moral and proper to acquire property by wrecking, and not 300 years since crews were slaughtered to secure the property of their vessels. He could not help thinking that a book which was read much more when he was young than it is now was right in saying that righteousness exalteth a nation. Mr. Lowell was in favor of cheap books, but not in favor of books poorly printed in order to make them cheap. From what little experience he had had with some of the books printed in this country, he could not read them for an hour. In reply to a question he expressed the opinion that the passage of an international copyright bill would raise the standard of literary taste in America. The cheap reprint of foreign works tended to diminish American authorship by lessening its rewards.

Mr. Dana Estes, of Estes & Lauriat, publishers, said that he preferred any bill to no bill. It was due to the American author, as well as the foreign author, that this act of international justice and comity should be effected. Though his house emitted about a million dollars' worth of books a

year, he had absolutely been obliged to refuse to entertain the idea of publishing an American manuscript, and returned many scores, even hundreds, of manuscripts of American authors unopened, simply from the fact that it was impossible to make the books of most American authors pay unless they were first published and acquired recognition through the columns of the magazines. The English author was protected at home by the international copyright, and he (the speaker) could take the manuscript of an English author because he could arrange with the British publisher to share the enormous expense of illustration which must be borne before the work is produced at all. He was to-day producing a book, the original outlay upon which was more than \$100,000 for the plant, which expense he was able to share with the English publisher. The English publisher had protection, while he (the speaker) might at any moment find a pirated edition of the work on the market.

Mr. R. R. Bowker, of *The Publishers' Weekly*, formally presented to the Committee a memorial signed in *fac-simile* by about 200 of the leading authors of the country in support of the Hawley bill, and addressed the Committee briefly on the subject.

AN APPEAL FROM AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Letters from upward of forty American authors who favor international copyright are published in the February *Century*. Mr. Lowell's ringing lines, reprinted at the beginning of this article, are given in *fac-simile*. Dr. Lyman Abbott writes that 'America is too rich to be a pauper, and ought to be too honorable to be a robber, and should be willing to pay to authors who contribute to its enlightenment or its enjoyment a fair remuneration for their work.' 'The fact that no Copyright Treaty exists between the United States and England is so shameful,' says T. B. Aldrich, 'that I don't care to discuss it.' Professor Boyesen holds that 'the present system of mutual stealing is ethically wrong, and will in the end benefit nobody.' Dr. Phillips Brooks has 'the strongest conviction of the need and justice of speedy and effective legislation on the subject.' 'Suppose International Copyright did not protect the American author; what of that? Shall we continue in injustice and dishonesty?' asks Mr. Cable. 'Cheap books are good things,' writes George William Curtis, 'but cheapening the public conscience is a very bad thing.' Rebecca Harding Davis is 'afraid that all the arguments of authors and publishers in support of International Copyright are as hackneyed to the public ear as the eighth commandment, of which they necessarily are only variations.' 'Right on this side of a parallel of latitude, wrong on that side, quoth Pascal. Honesty on this side of the Atlantic is theft on the other, it seems.' So writes Prof. J. A. Harrison.

'The author is robbed,' Julian Hawthorne truly says, 'because his sole vehicle is language, and any fool can run a felonious printing-press.' Mr. Howells is 'in favor of any and every device for securing to the foreign author that property in his writings which our country nobly bestows on native authors for forty-two years before suffering them to become public pillage.' One can hardly wonder that George Parsons Lathrop should lose his temper when he thinks of the present state of affairs, and write of it as follows: 'Of all existing brutalities, of all legislative cruelties, of all cruelties inflicted by a civilized people upon a particular class, of all contemptible thefts known to mankind, the meanest, the lowest, the pettiest, the most debased and despicable, is the brutality, the cruelty, the theft, practised against authors by the United States of America.' 'It was said of old that when the serpent devoured the brood of another, her own young died within her,' and it seems to Charles G. Leland that 'we are carrying out the simile in full.' The question seems to Prof. Charles Eliot Norton 'rather one of national morals than of the interest of authors or of publishers: it is whether the highest results of labor, of education, and of intellect shall be stolen with immunity, or not.'

'You ask for my opinion on the subject of International Copyright,' writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 'It seems to me there can be but two opinions on such a matter, and that they cannot be unlike those of the burglar and of the burglar-ee.' 'The conception of property is at first a very coarse one, and it has not been honorable to our history as a people that there has been such wide indifference to the right of property in the productions of a man's brain.' So writes Bishop H. C. Potter. Mr. F. P. Roe maintains that 'the unblushing robbery of authors among civil-

ized nations is one of the most amazing relics of barbarism.' Mr. Stedman quotes the following strong passage from one of his own books: 'All classes of literary workmen, however, still endure the disadvantage of a market drugged with stolen goods. Shameless as is our legal plundering of foreign authors, our blood is most stirred by the consequent injury to home literature, by the wrongs, the poverty, the discouragement, to which the foes of International Copyright subject our own writers. The nerve and vitality of the latter can have no stronger demonstration than by the progress which they make while loaded with an almost insufferable burden.' 'We do get cheap books through the absence of International Copyright,' says Mark Twain; 'and any who will consider the matter thoughtfully will arrive at the conclusion that these cheap books are the costliest purchase that ever a nation made.' Mr. Warner would 'be content to rest the argument for International Copyright upon justice, and it would seem that an appeal to the sense of fair dealing ought to be enough.' Mr. Whittier has 'seen no argument against it which was not, logically and morally, too weak to need retutation.'

Reviews

The Land of Morning Calm.*

WE have in this handsome cover a rich text and a poor sermon. Between theme and treatment, there are hiatus and disproportion. To see that the book is, in one sense, a sermon, is but to examine its pages. Nominally the writer describes Korea; in reality his work is a tissue of disquisitions and dissertations which concern Boston as much as Séoul, Yankees as well as Koreans. One is really tempted to suspect that the author 'saved up' his philosophy until he obtained a subject, and this he found among the Koreans. Mr. Lowell's narrative of a winter's residence in Séoul, as the capital is called, as now presented to us, is in outward form a gem of the bookmaker's art. In print, binding, illustrations and cover, in index, preface and all book-aperturances, it is a model of faithful work. The two dozen superb albertypes with lesser illustrations enable us to see with our own eyes into the once hermit kingdom. The text is pleasant reading, and one can enjoy the light and airy style from beginning to end of the octavo. Good health, good nature, a facile pen, a cultivated mind, combined to form the author's outfit. From the moment he left his *jinkish* in Tōkiō, until having shown the United States to the Korean envoys he returned home by way of Séoul, he seems to have enjoyed everything. Or, if he did not, he obliges us by suppressing disagreeable details. Yet, after all, one gets the impression of a traveller in dress-coat and tight patent-leathers, rather than of a wide-awake, robust and inquiring observer. To have penetrated 'the forbidden land' and not to have advanced twenty miles from the capital—except on the road home—seems amazing. To dwell at ease during a whole winter in a land which has a history antedating Mohammed and possibly Caesar, wherein Christian martyrs, European travellers and shipwrecked fellow-countrymen have lived and died, and not to say a word about these, seems at least peculiar. To be within a day's journey of battlefields once stained with American, French, Chinese and Japanese blood, and never to visit or refer to them—what eccentricity in a son of Massachusetts!

The book ought to give us more about Korea, or else limit its headlines to something like these: 'Reflections in Séoul, and Experiences with Nobles and Singing-Girls.' These topics form the staple of the text. Nevertheless, though very economical in exact statements, and eschewing dates and statistics, the information which the author allows to filter through his running commentary of jest and philosophy is of the best sort. A glance at the final paragraph of the preface shows an array of names of helpers familiar with at least the Korea of the capital and seaports. We have not found in the body of the book a single misstatement. The freshness and originality of the whole work are in exhilarat-

* Chosŏn, the Land of the Morning Calm. A Sketch of Korea. By Percival Lowell. Illustrated. \$5. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

ing contrast with certain books on Korea made up chiefly out of newspapers and cyclopædias. Mr. Lowell's 'Chosŏn' is postively the most interesting work on the subject yet in existence. Negatively, it is the most accurate as far as it goes, which is not very far. It treats of the capital but not of the country. This we regret.

After preliminary essays on the geography, climate and coast, the author devotes four chapters to his arrival at Chimpulpo and journey to the capital. After picturing vividly the fire-signal service, he gives us five valuable essays on political and social life, with an account of his presentation at court, and of dinners with officers of the foreign office. We have an insight into the religions of the country, but not a word concerning the twenty thousand or so native Christians and their intrepid French teachers. Rambles in the city by day and by night, architecture, landscape-gardening and the palaces, costumes, revelry and amusing experiences are set forth with nimble pen. The author's touch is graceful, lambent, tickling; but one feels, as he closes the book, that both he and the author know very little about the Land of Morning Calm. The illustrations which Mr. Lowell himself took by means of dry plates are so excellently printed, that, with the readableness of the story, one is consoled for the absence of more solid information. Evidently Korea is not destined to play a brilliant part in the world's history, in diplomacy or in commerce. For generations yet, it will doubtless be the land of big hats and little purses. For literary treatment of the little country, we need Miss Bird and Professor Rein.

Rachel.*

THIS is the eleventh volume of the Famous Women Series, more or less edited by Mr. John H. Ingram, a man who is *not* famous. The first thing which strikes the critic as he reads the names of these eleven famous women is that five of them—or nearly half—had voluntarily, and in a measure deliberately, placed themselves outside of the conventional moral law, strict obedience to which is held to be woman's chiefest duty. In differing degrees and from different motives George Eliot and George Sand in this century, and the Countess of Albany and Mary Wollstonecraft in the last century, refused to be bound by the strict letter of the law; and Rachel placed herself outside the pale voluntarily and violently. With the highest genius and the loftiest aspirations, there was in her, beyond all question, the something ignoble which Mrs. Kemble saw in her face, and which made one of her friends call her *délicieusement canaille*. Her genius was an image of the purest ivory most beautifully carved, but it had feet of clay. Mrs. Kennard has written a readable account of Rachel's career, and she has considered frankly the stains on her character, going into no unsavory details, but setting forth fairly enough the facts in the case. She has been diligent in reading all that has been written about the great actress—although we find no reference to Richard Grant White's interview with her as recorded by himself in *The Atlantic* three or four years ago; and we miss that fine criticism of Matthew Arnold's in which he said most justly and acutely that as an actress Rachel began where Sarah Bernhardt left off. Mrs. Kennard has made abundant and adroit use of the recent publication of Rachel's letters by the Frenchman who signs himself 'Georges d' Heylli,' and whom, oddly enough, she chooses to call 'M. Heylli.' She has consulted Vedel's recollections; the memoirs of Dr. Véron, of Arsène Houssaye and of Samson; and the absurdly overrated book of the absurdly overrated Jules Janin. From all these there are many extracts, and chiefly by the aid of these extracts we get a close view of the greatest actress of the last half-century, if not of all time; and we are allowed to form, as it were, a personal impression of her. The book is well planned, has been carefully constructed, and is pleasantly written. But

* Rachel. By Nina H. Kennard. \$1. (Famous Women Series.) Boston: Roberts Bros.

it is without an index; it swarms with misprints of all kinds; and it is disfigured by the needless and careless use of French words and phrases. Even in writing about a Frenchwoman and a great and famous Frenchwoman, it is not necessary to sprinkle page after page with *rôle, conservatoire, congé, feuilleton, reprise, claque, raconteuse, naïveté, marraine* and, above all, with the vilest of all vile words, *artiste*. *Pianiste* and *artiste* are not even the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe; and yet there seem to be people who think that *pianiste* is the French for a female performer on the pianoforte—which it is not,—and that *artiste* is a sort of French feminine of artist—which also is not the case. These French words that we have quoted occur here and there, far too often, in the English text, and are in addition to the frequent passages quoted in the original French—a very questionable license in a book intended for reading by the Anglo-Saxon public.

The Real John Bunyan.*

THIS is the life of John Bunyan. The dreamer of Elstow wrote his own biography in 'Grace Abounding,' which is yet the best from the inside view. Burder, Hawker, Southey, Philip and others, named and anonymous, have tried their hand at sketches of his life. Froude has, until lately, given us the shortest and best of recent lives, but plain unheralded John Brown excels them all. For twenty years he has been Bunyan's successor in the church at Bedford, and knows the neighborhood as his home. He has digested what has been written by and about the immortal tinker, and has unearthed from unpublished manuscript stores many new facts. To crown all, he has a scholarly, critical and cultured mind, with rare candor and judgment. He is a capital antiquarian and under his pen history becomes a resurrection indeed. As might be supposed, his work could not be completed until he had visited America. The Lenox Library in New York has one of the two extant copies of the first edition of 'Pilgrim's Progress.' This heads the list of two hundred and fifty-eight editions in the English language and seventy-four in foreign tongues, now immured in that inaccessible fortress. As pastor of Bunyan's church, Mr. Brown drifted into his work by force of circumstances. Being the official guardian of Bunyan's personal relics, and custodian of the Puritan Mecca in Bedford, innumerable questions by pilgrims from all over the world were put to him. These he has, in the main, answered. Of the host of clever men in the Seventeenth Century, two were of exceptionally creative mind—Milton and Bunyan. It is doubtful whether they ever saw each other. The poet died four years before the dreamer launched his quenchless taper on the stream of time. Already is the deathless allegory translated into nearly every literary language of the world. It follows the Bible, as the reaper follows the sower.

In this handsome volume, so lovingly and judiciously made, we have a vivid picture of English history, a fascinating biography, and a critical valuation of all of Bunyan's literary work. In the appendix we find a list of translations and a summary of Bunyan literature in English. The index is a good one; its excellence, however, we did not discover until we had read to the final page of the story. Mr. Brown is the neighbor who 'cometh and searcheth' all predecessors. He corrects mistakes, fills out desired data, and is well able to handle Froude, Taine and lesser wielders of the pen. He does this with serious discreetness; but, we imagine, more to the amusement of readers than of the biographers. In picturing local scenery and sites, he shows the probable antitypes of much of Bunyan's imagery. Correlating the old with the new, and linking both sides of the Atlantic in association, one feels as if Bunyan were near us, and we knew him as we may know Gladstone or Tennyson or Lowell. Evidently the Independent parson did not set out to fire over the shoulders of his predecessor at the Establishment. His book is, nevertheless, a powerful campaign

* John Bunyan: His Life, Times and Work. By John Brown. Illustrated. \$4.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

document in favor of the England soon to come, when the word 'Dissenter' will sound as strange to English as to American ears. With pitiless accuracy, it shows how the throne of Charles and the enforced liturgy and prayer-book were built on confiscation and persecution. The poor suffered even the loss of their working tools for simple dissent. The immortal tinker went to prison simply for conscience' sake. Froude's attempt to mollify the hard facts seems pitiable in the face of Mr. Brown's documentary evidence freely set forth. While 'Pilgrim's Progress' continues to be read by all the world, and is acceptable to all Christendom, Greek, Roman and Reformed, men will want to know about the writer of this catholic book. In the literary parterre of Bunyan biographies, we have here a seek-no-further.

Mrs. Jackson's Last Book, "Zeph."*

WHAT sort of book would one like to leave as one's last utterance? Certainly, from the merely literary point of view, Helen Jackson could hardly have left anything as her last in thought, in finish, in grace of style and feeling, superior to those first sonnets which will live as literature. But in 'Zeph' there is the additional touch that one would like to give to one's last work: the touch not only of thought, but of thought for others; the sympathetic quality which as an added grace to genius is as beautiful as it is essential to the loveliness of character. The story is a simple and unassuming one. It is not the great novel in which great talent might easily aim to culminate, and yet it has points of fine delineation, subtle rendering of character, clever dealing with local color, and bits of landscape, to vie with the best. It is another proof of Mrs. Jackson's versatility; for nothing could be more unlike the sonnets, more unlike 'Ramona,' more unlike 'Hetty's Strange History,' more unlike the easy, sensible 'Bits of Talk,' or the pleasant 'Bits of Travel.' Mrs. Jackson's first work was the intense outpouring of personal suffering, working its way to the surface, not in personal confidences, but in thought and feeling about all suffering; her later work has been removed from everything personal—the result of an eager, cheerful, sympathetic outlook on a world that charmed and touched and roused her.

'Zeph' is a new type of the Colorado frontiersman: a dreamy, poetic, sensitive fellow, whose fate among the miners and freighters is told with a humor and pathos and rough poetry not unlike much we have associated with wild Western life, and yet with a difference. To the interest that naturally gathers about any 'last work,' there is added, in this case, the knowledge that this was consciously 'last work'; that, doubtful whether she would live to finish it, intensely eager over it as over all her work while it was doing, she yet felt no desire to burden the story with heavy moralizing or spiritual reflections, but was willing to let a simple, sympathetic sketch of one poor humble soul, whose experiences had been as unlike her own as could be imagined, carry to the world her last message of entreaty for gentleness and tenderness and forbearance, one with another. The interrupted sentence, where the pen fell at last from fainting hands, is more expressive than any 'last word' could have been; and yet there is a 'last word,' inexpressibly touching, in the last letter to her publisher which closes the book with an apology for not finishing it, with a little outline of what the story was to have been, and with the simple remark that perhaps 'there will be some interest in it as the last thing she wrote. Nothing was more conspicuous in Mrs. Jackson than the utter simplicity of her feeling about her own work. She loved work intensely; but she placed no ideal value on the results of her effort, and never seemed elated by the fame it won for her. On the other hand her appreciation of the good work of others knew no bounds. Simple as the story is, 'Zeph' is a fitting and beautiful close to work the value of which is only enhanced by the

fact that it gained constantly in sympathy and tenderness, though it had struck its very first roots deep down in intellectual thought.

Two Records of Wanderings.*

'HANDY-BOOK libraries' are the order of the day. Here are two rival series of two great rival publishing houses—Harper's and Putnam's—which in their friendly competition are doing much to brighten our winter firesides and cast a glow over the long, reminiscent winter evenings. The Harper series is longer than, though not so broad as, the Putnam. The Putnam series, so far, embraces principally travels, while the Harper includes within its comprehensive scope travels, science and romance. The Harper book before us is a reprint of Miss Younghusband's delightful translation of Prof. Witt's 'Wanderings of Ulysses' arranged for children. Her capital translation of the same author's 'Myths of Hellas' proved a most acceptable addition to our juvenile libraries some years ago, and has been reprinted in this country by Henry Holt & Co. The cheapness of the reprint makes the 'Wanderings of Ulysses' accessible to many readers, and we bespeak for it a wide circulation.

The Putnam book is a reproduction of J. W. Steele's caustic 'Cuban Sketches,' which appeared some time ago, and form a rather incisive psychological study of Cuban mental and moral characteristics. The book rings with denunciation and disillusion from one cover to the other, and could we give credence to all its causticities, we should look upon the *Cubanos* as the most abandoned, illiterate, narrow-minded, conceited and insular 'set' on the face of the earth. This, however, we do not by any means believe, if only from the obstinacy inherent in human nature, which recoils from wholesale denunciations of any race or people, and looks upon the infuriate traveller with amusement and pity. St. Paul gave the start to such travellers' tales by quoting from a poet who called all the Cretans liars. Mr. Steele tries hard to follow his example in a series of serio-comic misrepresentations, which read more as if snatched from the libretto of an opéra bouffe than from the portfolio of an intelligent pilgrim. His sketches are undeniably piquant: their spitefulness is spicy; but they incidentally reveal, we fear, more of the author's temper and peculiarities than of the temper and peculiarities of the Cubans. We had supposed this sort of Trollopeana long since relegated to the shelves of the antiquarian booksellers. It is not pleasant to find it revived in so seductive a form as it assumes in the Putnam reprint.

Bismarck at Threescore and Ten.†

WE once knew an old journalist of this city, who had been editorially connected with several of the leading periodicals of New York, who used to express his firm opinion that the three greatest men in history were Henry VIII., Benjamin Franklin and Bismarck. This opinion, however peculiar, was certainly based upon as much reading, and as great familiarity with affairs, as most of us bring to our decisions. Were this journalist now living, he surely would take great pleasure in these two octavo volumes, containing more than 1200 pages devoted to his third hero, during that hero's lifetime. 'History,' says Professor Freeman, 'is past politics, and politics present history.' On this theory, or on any sound theory, intelligent men should know something about Bismarck, as they should know something about Henry VIII., Franklin, and other famous men of the past. Nor is it unnatural that the present craze for biographical reading should take note of living subjects. The danger, however, into which contemporary biography is quite sure to fall, is that of lack of perspective, and almost unmixed adulation. Both of these faults appear in this huge biography. Bis-

* Zeph. By Helen Jackson. (H. H.). \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† (1) The Wanderings of Ulysses. By Prof. C. Witt. Trans. by Frances Younghusband. 25 cts. Harper's Handy Series. (2) Cuban Sketches. By James W. Steele. 50 cts. Putnam's Travellers' Series.
† Prince Bismarck. An Historical Biography. By Charles Lowe. 2 vols. \$5. New York: Cassell & Co.

marck is a great man, but it is not yet sure that he deserves 1259 eulogistic pages. We would rather read fifty pages by such a writer as John Morley or John Fiske, on the character of the Chancellor, than this prolonged laudation. Mr. Lowe has evidently taken McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Times' for his model, but he has missed the charm of that useful book—probably the longest newspaper editorial in existence, and certainly one of the most readable and instructive. If these faults of Mr. Lowe are borne in mind, his biography may be commended as of decided value. It is the largest, latest, and most orderly mass of material upon its theme, and can hardly be ignored by any public library seeking to keep up with the times. The portraits—misplaced in our copy—are excellent.

Recent Fiction.

A JAPANESE romance, Japanese not merely from the scene's being laid in Japan, but in being founded on an actual Japanese story, would be of interest whatever its rank as a novel. 'A Captive of Love,' translated by Edward Greedy (Lee & Shepard), with its perfectly foreign flavor, its curious illustrations from the original work, and especially with the naïve notes by the Japanese author, Bakin, in which a neat little moral is nicely appended to an occasional chapter, is full of entertainment as a Japanese tale, different as it is in style from the popular novel. We cannot resist quoting one of the neat little morals: 'If a woman who is neither clever nor beautiful be gentle, honest, and true, she will be esteemed as highly as those whose faces and forms are as lovely as the flowers.' It is of the first importance that we all lead lives free from reproach; so that, after we have changed our state, no calumny lives behind us to grieve our friends, and cast a shadow over our memory. Please do not forget this. Bakin.' The strange modes of thought are vividly reproduced in the everyday conversation of the characters, but the whole is pervaded with what we are wont to limit in description as Christian feeling, virtue and heroism being, among people with strange superstitions, singularly like our own standards.

OLIVER OPTIC'S books for boys have been very popular in their day, and in 'Stem to Stern,' illustrated (Lee & Shepard's Boat-Builder Series), there is an element of practical information and an excellent desire to inspire boys with a taste for manual labor that is to be commended. Unfortunately there is added to this an element not so desirable. There are too many fights and 'bullies' and 'rows' mingled with the information, and the opening chapter, as an interview between a young girl and a 'contemptible being' named Walk Billcord, whose name is enough to spoil the chapter, is a quite unnecessary piece of extremely disagreeable and unwise literature.—'Phil Vernon and his Schoolmasters,' by Byron A. Brooks (Phillips & Hunt), is a story for boys based upon the text that it is Life that educates us, and giving the experience of a boy who had in this sense many masters besides his books. At the same time it is called 'a story of American school-life,' and it gives a good deal of the boy's life at school, this part of his experience being as a rule singularly undesirable. Such pictures of schools and schoolmasters and fellow-pupils are undoubtedly a vivid picture of old-fashioned methods of education in the backwoods; but they are unpleasant, to say the least, and the sensational story worked in to make a plot is not at all to be commended.

READERS of English magazines, during the last few years, can hardly have failed to learn that Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson is a good writer, and one who is able to turn out a story with both plot and style. They will hardly be prepared, however, for a book so strong in conception and so praiseworthy in execution as his 'Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' (Charles Scribner's Sons). We do not deem it just to the author to summarize its plan and progress; but will simply say that it is an original and interesting piece of work, combining a French grace of execution with a distinctly Saxon ethical method. It is a bit of art that subserves a high moral purpose. Careless readers will say, in the hackneyed phrase of half-read people, that it 'reminds one of Poe,' but its construction is not that of the author of 'Ligeia' or 'The Fall of the House of Usher.' Poe had his method, a legitimate one, in which he won high and lasting success, but it is idle to compare Poe with Hawthorne, merely because both dealt with the abnormal or weird. If 'Ethan Brand' be at one extreme and one of Poe's best stories

at the other, Mr. Stevenson's 'Strange Case' follows in the Hawthorne line, because it offers both art and ethics, in a remarkable union. We commend it to that celebrated personage, the 'jaded novel-reader,' and still more to those serious people who will read none but noteworthy novels.

Minor Notices.

RUSKIN'S Autobiography has now reached a point at which it might well be called 'Ruskin in roundabouts'—not the 'roundabouts' of juvenile associations, but the 'roundabouts' of circumlocution. It seems quite impossible for the delightful abundance of youthful—one might say of infantile—overflow and confession to compress itself into reasonable limits, to come to an end. 'The self-confessor has now reached Part V. of his 'Præterita' (J. Wiley & Sons)—'Parnassus and Plynlimmon,'—in which he 'already disliked growing older—never expected to be wiser, and formed no more plans for the future than a little black silkworm does in the middle of its first mulberry leaf.' He lingers about these Islands of the Blessed, the Fortunate Isles of childhood, with a hankering partiality which, while lending little progress to the narrative, is replete with charm and individuality. In swift, musical words he characterizes his cousins; in slow, melodious talk he tells us of his Welsh journey, his geologizing, his father's friends, his mother's eccentricities. Each member of the little Ruskin group is as distinct as if it had its birthmark on its nose—its Rembrandt splash of light beneath the right eye; and round and round whirls and whirrs the gorgeous moth with wide silken wings, never lighting, never staying, never advancing, spinning itself all up in dazzling threads when it does linger for an instant, then shooting out winged malice or honeyed praise as its whimsical humor may be. Ruskin incandescent has not yet come, but Ruskin iridescent, humorescent, is there in germ, getting ready for 'Modern Painters,' and antique wrath, and Oxford lectures.

ANDREW LANG'S latest enterprise is the editing of an English Worthies Series (D. Appleton & Co.), to consist of brief biographies of soldiers, statesmen, reformers, actors, authors, scientists, and others. The series, in general method, closely resembles Mr. Morley's English Men-of-Letters, and almost seems planned to include such celebrated Englishmen as Mr. Morley could not, or did not, select. The second issue, 'Marlborough,' is by Mr. George Saintsbury. Mr. Saintsbury is a scholar, and a competent, though rapid, writer. The present volume is a useful and trustworthy one. We must say, however, that it is written in a slovenly style, that does credit neither to author nor editor. One could mark dozens of expressions like these: 'never lets go of command of himself,' 'from a very young man, Marlborough had seen'; 'a man of great parts, and raised to fortune'; 'these egregious commanders fell to a violent quarrel'; 'a dead set would be made upon Sunderland'; 'a constant and irreducible set-off'; 'if he had ratted; and he did not rat,' etc.—Worthy to be ranked with the best recent magazine-articles contributing to the history of the Civil War period, is a little book called 'The Story of Archer Alexander' (Cupples, Upham & Co.), by Rev. Dr. W. G. Eliot, the veteran educator and Unitarian minister of St. Louis. Alexander was a slave, who, after many vicissitudes, came in his last years under Dr. Eliot's protection. He was the last fugitive slave captured in Missouri, and was the model of the colored man in Ball's emancipation statues in Washington and Boston. Around his story, as a typical one, are grouped impartial statements as to the good and bad elements of the 'institution'—the latter predominating. The author takes the position of Professor Spring, in his history of Kansas, as to John Brown's violence in that State. The only point in which the book seems to depart from historical impartiality is in its high praise of Fremont's abolition methods *versus* Lincoln's. An excellent heliotype of the Ball statue forms the frontispiece.

'A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD,' by George E. Raum (Gottseger), is one of the encyclopædic books of information which tell you that Queenstown is in the south of Ireland, that London is situated on the Thames forty-five miles from its mouth, that Cairo is built on low ground, that the Vatican is the largest palace in the world, that the Alhambra was built 600 years ago by the Moors, etc. We fail to find anything in it which could not be found in other books of reference, but one who is anxious for statistics while travelling might find it useful to have all his guide-books in one.—There are amusing things in 'The New King Arthur,' by the author of 'The Buntling Ball' (Funk &

Wagnalls), but as a whole the verses are a lamentable falling off from the author's earlier effort. The book is, indeed, hardly worth reading for the sake of the very few plums to be extracted from its general tediousness.—Thomas J. Murrey, whose suggestive little books on soups and salads were so excellent, issues now, through White, Stokes & Allen, one on 'Breakfast Dainties,' worth owning for its helpful hints as to how that variety may be secured which is one of the first requisites of an attractive table.

'A TEXT-BOOK OF NURSING,' by Clara S. Weeks (Appleton) is a most admirable book of its kind. It only professes to be a compilation from other books, but a compilation of the best hints from the best authorities, put tersely, simply, and yet exhaustively, as these have been, is worth much more than many elaborate volumes, either for study or reference. It seems to give comprehensively all that can be taught in a book of what naturally requires much practical experience for complete understanding. It is a book to be kept in every household, for it is full of admirable hints not only for getting well but for keeping well, and the mother who often has to act as nurse without professional aid will find it of very great assistance.—'The Women Friends of Jesus' is a series of twelve lectures by Dr. Henry C. McCook (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), in which the lives and characters of the holy women of the Gospel are made types of all women and of all womanly duties and offices. Thus Mary is made the type of motherhood; Salome, of woman's ambition; Susanna, of woman's physical ministry; Joanna, of sickness as a means of grace; Mary Magdalene, of woman transformed by Christianity, etc. The book is thus practically a series of talks embodying practical advice to the women of to-day.

IN THE series on the Wonders of Science the Scribners publish 'The Phenomena and Laws of Heat,' translated from the French of Achille Cazin by Elihu Rich. To the new edition has been added a short chapter on the recent improvements in the application of heat. The book has numerous illustrations and will serve an excellent purpose in bringing before the general reader the facts and laws of heat. Its purpose is to make the subject popular, and this the author has realized throughout.—D. B. Waggener's 'Book-keeping Simplified' (Philadelphia: Charles R. Deacon) teaches, in compact form, as much of bookkeeping as may be learned from a book, and puts one in a position to at least understand a set of books. In the practical illustration of three-months' business it explains how to deal not only with the ordinary run of business, but with such eccentricities as errors, bad accounts, discounted notes, etc., which would be likely to puzzle the uninitiated.—Brentano Bros. have published a 'Handbook to the National Museum at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington,' that is valuable because it will reveal to the majority of its readers the fact that beside the comparatively well-known Smithsonian a National Museum exists at Washington and is an establishment of much importance. But those privileged or fortunate persons who have penetrated the well-guarded secret of the Museum's existence will look upon the 'Handbook' less as an accomplished work of importance than as a suggestion of important work to be done—for the need for a thorough, though still popular, handbook to the Museum is as distinctly recognized as in the present venture it is distinctly not accomplished. An objection to the present 'Handbook' is its interpolation of advertisements in the text.

THE comprehensive work of Veredarius, 'Das Buch der Welt-Post,' the sixth and seventh parts of which are before us, has reached the consideration of electricity as an agent in postal affairs. Veredarius opens his chapter on this rather technical subject by calling in the testimony of Diodorus Siculus to show that the ancient Persians were wont to send messages the length of the kingdom in a single day by means of pickets stationed at intervals, who shouted the message one to the other. American national pride is once more gratified by the author in treating of both telephones and telegraphy. We are told that Graham Bell was the first American to take up the German ideas on the subject of telephonic communication and put them into practical effect, although the Germans to-day appear to prefer Siemens's instrument to all others. We are admitted to have easily the most extended use of telephones. In fact the use of the telephone in other countries is so insignificant in comparison with ours as to be hardly worth mentioning. Germany and Switzerland appear to be the only countries which tolerate state ownership of all telephones. The other countries, however, do not all permit complete private ownership of the instrument. In Belgium, for

instance, the individual can have control of an instrument only for a term of twenty-five years, after which it reverts to the State. Curiously enough the largest employer of the telephone in Europe is out-of-the-way Sweden. The author makes a statement that may be misleading when he says that 'even the Middle Kingdom has been unable to exclude herself from the use of the instrument, Shanghai having already seventy-seven and Hong Kong forty instruments.' The reader must not think that these instruments are an evidence of Chinese enterprise. They are not even on Chinese soil, properly speaking, but in the foreign concessions where the trades-people of foreign countries have their places of business under the flags of their respective consuls and gunboats. A nation that has not yet a mile of railway or telegraph is not likely to figure conspicuously as a patron of an instrument so advanced in its mechanism as to have barely become familiar to Londoners and Parisians.

The Magazines

IN *Harper's* Sir Edward Reed begins an elaborate article on 'The British Navy,' accompanied by twenty illustrations, with the acknowledgment that Great Britain and Europe are greatly indebted to the United States for 'some invaluable lessons in naval construction and naval warfare which were derived from the heroic efforts of their great civil war.'—A suggestive paper by Charles H. Ham, on 'Manual Training,' names as the most valuable feature of such training its mental and moral influence. He recommends that manual training be made a part of every system of popular education.—Charles Dudley Warner, in his plea for 'Education as a Factor in Prison Reform,' means by education, not the imparting of information, the teaching of knowledge, or any sort of book learning; but such discipline, such development of unused powers, such restoration of lost powers, such training in all the faculties that make a man sound in mind, morals and body, as has been practically tried at the Elmira Reformatory.—S. G. W. Benjamin writes of 'The Passion Play of Persia,' and there are descriptive articles about Kentucky and Florida.—Miss Woolson is not to be forgiven for her persistent choice in fiction of lovers who have no right to be lovers, but bits in her long serial are very fine, such as the description in the present number of a Southern swamp at night, with its deathly fascinations.—Mr. Howells brings to a close his *Indian Summer*, which is, in more than one respect, one of his most notable novels.

Henry Eckford contributes to *The Century* a fine article on the sculptor Barye, with spirited illustrations of his work.—'The Dance in Place Congo,' by Mr. Cable, is accompanied by very fine illustrations, and by some of the music.—There is a brave array of fiction. Mr. Howells's new story, 'The Minister's Charge,' opens delightfully; Mrs. Foote's serial continues good; Mr. James's Bostonian heroine finally reaches the arms of her lover, to the great joy and relief of the public as well as of the lover; and Mr. Stockton's ever-welcome pen brings forward a novel cure for rheumatism.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes well of city dwellings; the War papers, including some of the personal memoirs of Gen. Grant, are of course interesting; and a large number of prominent authors plead for copyright.—Mr. Stedman's 'Hebe' proves to be a dramatic poem, with a circus athlete, a female lion-tamer and a ferocious tiger (the heroine of the story) for its *dramatis personæ*.

Abbott Lawrence Lowell has an elaborate paper in *The Atlantic* to prove that a responsible ministry cannot form a part of our present system of government; one form or the other must be accepted in its completeness, with all its merits and all its faults.—A. A. Hayes, in an article called 'An American Soldier in China,' claims, without wishing to detract from the fame of Gordon, that Gordon himself acknowledged his having 'but to follow where the American soldier led'; the American being Gen. Frederic T. Ward, whose dramatic career has never been rightly appreciated.—Mr. Whittier contributes one of his tender, thoughtful poems.—'A Country Gentleman' has exhibited Mrs. Oliphant's wonderful gift of story-telling to an extraordinary degree. The conditions are all morbid, and the reader does not care in the least about the story; but he is profoundly interested in hearing Mrs. Oliphant tell it. It is rather a pity that the various troubles include the popular grievance of a step-father; Warrender is cruel to little Geof, not because he is a brutal step-father, but because he is a brutal man.—If we do not read Eleanor Putnam's 'Salem Cupboards' first, it is as children sometimes leave the daintiest morsel of a feast for the last. These sketches of old Salem life which have appeared in *The Atlantic* from time to time, are, for all their simplicity of

aim and style, examples of an art which is rare both in its kind and its degree.

In these days no author feels that he has done anything till he has written a novel, and no novelist feels that he has done anything worth talking about till he has written a child's story. Some of the most admirable work we have has been for young readers, and Mrs. Burnett's serial of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' now running in *St. Nicholas*, will take its place with the best fiction of the day, whether for old or young. Not only is it one of the best things Mrs. Burnett has done, but it is one of the best things anybody has done for a long time, in its combination of entertaining story with underlying meaning, and its adaptation to the literary craving of almost any age. As the story of a boy, it is pleasing in the extreme; as the story of an American boy, it is a beautiful illustration of what our much-belabored bringing up of children results in, in making them able to take responsibility by giving it to them; while as an historical picture of the existing and coming conflicts between old and new conditions, it is as valuable and picturesque as it is seemingly simple and merely amusing. Nor is this remarkable boy in the least unnatural.

One should subscribe for *Lippincott's* if only to have it lend its air of elegance to the library table. A magazine with a really attractive cover is something to be patronized.—In both the English and the American serial, this month, the heroine is a young lady with aspirations for art; but the American story opens with the complete triumph of the aspirant whose struggles we can only imagine.—It was odd, certainly, to find Gail Hamilton's vigorous pen, which seems made for finding sprightly fault, wielded last month in behalf of optimistic conservatism, and asserting that there could be no possible reform in Civil Service because no reform was needed. Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, and a gentleman who writes in the department of Monthly Gossip, think there is considerable need for reform in Gail Hamilton's methods of logic, and leave her optimism somewhat the worse for handling.—Grant Allen contributes a good short story on the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, and J. S. of Dale's 'In a Garret' is graceful and pathetic, though on a somewhat worn-out theme.

The Brooklyn Magazine opens with 'Art and Love,' by Florence L. Snow—a simple short story, which nevertheless shows a good deal of skill in the opening paragraphs, dealing with the local color of forlorn little Kansas towns. John M'Cullough is the subject of an appreciative sketch by Lisle Lester, and M. T. Cameron writes entertainingly of 'Spanish Humor.'—*Outing* has an article by J. Hyslop on 'The Lesson of the America's Cup Races,' with an engraving of the start. A graceful sketch on 'A Midwinter Thaw,' by Charles Whiting Baker, recalls I. K. Marvel; 'Billiards for the Home and Club' bewails the undeniable fact that nothing ruins one's taste for billiards like owning a billiard-table; and A. D. Mayo's 'New Version of the Children in the Wood' pleads for rescuing, not the children from the wood, but the wood from the grown-up children. 'Hints from Japanese Homes,' by C. R. D., suggests that we may even make something out of a back yard.

Miss Thomas's "A New Year's Masque."

SHE finds companionship in field and wood,
A friendly face in every path and nook;
The skies for her wear no uncertain look;
She comprehends the mystery and mood
Of winds and waves and heaven's starry brood;
She knows the message of the bird and brook;
For her all Nature is an open book,
And solitary means not solitude.

With this small volume as your talisman,
When all the world is shrouded in the snows,
Sit down and read these music-making words:
And winter's blasts shall seem the winds that fan
Your face in June—sweet with the breath of rose,
And tremulous with twitterings of birds!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

The Lounger

I HAD a most interesting talk with Mme. Durand-Gréville, the other evening, *apropos* of the sale of her books in this country. Since she came over here she has made arrangements with Ticknor & Co. that are perfectly satisfactory, but before that

she was at the mercy of pirates—pirates who not only seized her property but distorted it almost beyond recognition. They renamed her stories, and not only translated them badly but padded them out or cut them down to suit their own ideas as to their proper length. Mme. Gréville once sent to the piratical publishers a copy of one of her books that had gone through the amputating process, with 'twelve pages cut out here,' 'fifty pages missing there,' etc., marked on the margins, and complained, not only that she received no money for the sale of the book, but that her work was maimed and crippled. No reparation was made, however, and she was obliged to content herself as best she could.

It was not so much the leaving out that she objected to as the putting in. In the translation of one of her books—'Dosia,' I believe—there is a skating scene. In the original it is simply remarked, *en passant*, that certain characters go skating; but the translator, to enliven the dialogue, has added: 'How do you skate?—in the English fashion, with your head in the air? or in the American fashion, with your head on the ice and your heels in the air?' 'I did not know that was the American way of skating,' said Mme. Gréville, 'and not knowing it, it would not have occurred to me to put it in for wit. It may be the translator's idea of wit, but it is not mine. Notwithstanding my first experiences with American publishers,' she continued, 'I have always loved the United States and wanted to come here. I will tell you how my attention was first attracted to your country. When I was nine years old, my father was given a history of the United States to translate, and as it had to be done in a hurry, I helped him. I expected that he would have to revise my work, but he did not, and it was printed from my childish manuscript, just as I had translated it. In reading this history I became exceedingly interested in your country and its institutions, and longed to visit it, for I was an ardent republican; so now I am realizing a dream of my youth.' Mme. Gréville speaks English with perfect ease. She is a born linguist. When only thirteen years of age she passed a successful examination in Greek and Latin and four modern languages.

AMERICAN publishers are not the only offenders in the matter of stolen and distorted books. Some reputable English houses have been caught at the most unpleasant tricks of this kind. In two instances that I know of, they have done things that should turn the faces of all decent men against them. One house took Miss Anna Katherine Green's 'Marriage-Ring' and another John Habberton's 'Other People's Babies,' which were appearing serially, and in their eagerness to secure their early publication in book form, without paying for the advanced-sheets, engaged certain literary hacks to write what they considered fitting conclusions to the stories. Mr. Habberton was particularly aggrieved by this, as he had saved a moral for the last chapter, and his English readers could never know what it was. Compared with these outrages, Mme. Gréville's grievance seems a slight one.

MISS GREEN, by the way, has been one of the most successful authors on the Putnam's list. She went to them wholly by accident. Mr. Haven Putnam was sitting in his office in their Fifth Avenue store about eight years ago when a young woman walked in with a manuscript under her arm—the manuscript of 'The Leavenworth Case'—which she said she hoped he would read and publish. Mr. Putnam had heard similar hopes expressed before by young women with manuscripts; but as a publisher is always on the look-out for the coming novelist, he promised to give the story due consideration. He took the manuscript home and sat down one evening to read it. The task was not inviting, as it was written with a lead pencil and contained 250,000 words. It took him several evenings to get through it, as it was so intricate that skipping was impossible. The result repaid him, however, for he found a good story. It had to be cut down to 150,000 words, and even then made an unusually big book for a novel; but the author did the cutting, and the book happened to strike the popular fancy. Nearly 80,000 copies of it were sold. Since then Miss Green (she is married now, by the way) has written, seven books and their total sale has reached about 200,000 copies. Perhaps you think that she must have made a great deal of money out of them, but she hasn't, for the greater number were bound in paper covers, and she got but two cents a copy for them. Such good work in any other branch of business would have brought handsome returns. But then, what right has an author to expect any returns at all? According to the enlightened Mr. Gardner G.

Hubbard, when an author gives his thoughts to the world 'they become the property of the world;' so it would seem to be wisest to keep one's thoughts to himself—a hint that Mr. Hubbard would do well to act upon.

LIBRARIAN PEOPLES, of the Mercantile, is heartily in favor of a great free circulating library in this city, and welcomes the movement to secure one. But there are many readers, he thinks, who would never be satisfied with the workings of such an institution—people who devour everything that is published, who want it the moment it appears, and who begrudge even the time spent in buying and cataloguing it. People who are unaccustomed to consult catalogues and supplementary lists of accessions—who, instead of ordering the particular volume they want, are in the habit of saying to the librarian or his aids, 'Let me see your new books'—will never submit to the restrictions necessarily imposed in a free library.

'WHEN Sherman's Memoirs were published,' said Mr. Peoples a few days since, 'the Librarian of the Boston Public Library asked me how many copies of the book this Library had purchased. When I told him fifty-two, he seemed much surprised, and said their Library bought nine, which was three times the number they had ever bought of any one book before. Of the popular authors, such as Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, George Eliot,' Mr. Peoples continued 'the Mercantile duplicates quite largely. Of some of Dickens's books we have bought over a hundred copies. Of "Daniel Doronda" we bought 250 copies, of "Middlemarch" 150.' The largest number of any one book we ever bought was of Beaconsfield's "Lothair." Our order was for 700 copies. The next largest was of Miss Alcott's "Little Women" (500 copies). Of Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It" we bought 125 copies each. Before the advent of cheap literature in the form of "libraries" we always bought from 150 to 200 copies of Mrs. Alexander's and Mary Cecil Hay's books. Of Carlyle's Reminiscences we bought 75 copies; of his Life, by Froude, 20; of Cook's "House Beautiful," 20; of Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs, 18; of "The Bunting Ball," 22; of "Fair God," 75; and of "Valentino" we have purchased 70.

'AT THE Boston Public Library,' Mr. Peoples continued, 'all the newspapers and magazines in the reading-room are locked up, and persons wishing to use them are compelled to write an order for them, and are charged with them until they are returned. With us the magazines and newspapers are kept out on tables and racks, where each member can make his own selection. In return for this liberality our periodicals are continually mutilated. When some members see something in a paper that they want, instead of copying it, they cut it out. Recently we have found it impossible to keep the war-maps that have appeared in some of the European papers. It is the same in our reference department. Such books as the cyclopædias, dictionaries, commentaries, atlases, etc., are arranged so that the members can consult them; without having to order them through the clerks. As a result, last week some vandal cut 43 pages out of Brewer's "Readers' Handbook." The "Quotations" in Webster's Dictionary were taken out entire; some two dozen pages of the plates in the Cyclopædia Britannica were cut out, and all the maps in Keith Johnston's Royal Atlas pertaining to Turkey, Serbia, Egypt, etc.'

The Fine Arts.

The Water-Color Society.

THE nineteenth annual exhibition of the American Water-Color Society has now been a week on view at the Academy. The rooms have been prettily adorned by Mr. Edwards-Ficken, though not so sumptuously as to efface the memory of that triumphantly decorative season when, we believe, Mr. Beckwith's was the hand at work. Yet the less one's attention is drawn upon by the accessories the more one has left for the essential attractions of the scene. And this year, while there is certainly no superabundance of unusually good works to be noted, there is a pleasant average of modest excellence, with a few items of considerable individuality and value. Alden Weir's flower-subjects must come first on our list, if the first thing we are seeking is pure beauty—so lovely are they in theme, so exquisite in sentiment, and so subtly skilful in execution. Mr. Ranger, who

in his aims seems to be akin to the latest Netherland school of aquarellists, shows some extremely clever studies of local urban scenes which he has made as picturesque as truthful, though he has not quite got the transparency of atmosphere which the Dutchmen secure in combination with the mistiest, cloudiest, grayest effects. Mr. Church's chief essay is not quite so successful as usual, lacking that beauty of face which he commonly secures; but his smaller 'White Peacocks' is entirely charming. Mr. Child Hassam is individual and interesting, though no one of his present drawings is as important as the 'Public Gardens, Boston,' which he sent to the Prize exhibition a few weeks ago. Percy Moran is as dainty and brilliant in touch and as refined in color as ever, though rather weaker than ever intellectually. Wm. Bliss Baker, Charles Platt, and especially Bruce Crane, are represented by work which it would be pleasant to praise were space available; and Mr. Weir's 'Wounded Dog' is almost as notable as his flower-studies already cited. Landscapes predominate in number, but among the figure-subjects are included the most important essays of the year. Among them is Mr. Abbey's 'Old Song,' an English interior of the date and kind which his name is apt to suggest. Its color is hardly as beautiful as we might have expected, and the figure of the girl playing on the harp leaves, perhaps, something to be desired. But even Mr. Abbey has never done anything so pleasing as the listening old couple in the background and their immediate surroundings.

Undoubtedly the most striking picture in the collection is Mr. Chase's 'Summer Afternoon in Holland,' which to the casual eye seems not to be a water-color at all, as it is very large, painted on canvas with an extensive use of opaque color, and framed like an oil. The scene is the cocknified coffee-garden of an inn, with red brick walls as the background, vivid green foliage and grass, ruddy gravel walks, a girl in pink in a hammock, and a young man in white flannel seated by the table. The artist's main aim, we see at once, has been the realization of strong sunlight; and he certainly has succeeded in it to a marvellous degree. Both light and color are given with uncompromising frankness, with no apparent search after 'tone' as the one thing needful. Yet tone of the special kind required has been secured, and good color, too—though also of a special kind which is not attractive to every eye. There can be no question as to the technical interest of the work, which reaches its highest level in the treatment of the contrasted whites of the man's costume and the table-cloth. But there has been considerable question as to its intellectual value, as to whether the thing which has been so well done was very well worth the doing—or, at least, if the painting of 'outdoors' is accepted as inevitably a worthy aim, as to whether the figures so prominently introduced justify their prominence. Our answer to both these queries would be an affirmative. To us it seems as though the lovers of the 'faithful' and the characteristically 'modern' in art ought surely to be satisfied with this picture, and as though those who love art best for its purely artistic qualities ought also to find much pleasure in its presence. It is so simply faithful that it seems as though it could hardly be artistic; and yet it is—not only in technical directions, but also in feeling, in sentiment. The chief figure is unusually lifelike and individual as compared with its fellows in most similar attempts; and, together with the half-revealed figure of its companion, it excites in the observer a human, sympathetic interest, which gives the imagination food to feed upon. For, by a happy instinct, Mr. Chase has left something to the imagination—has not hampered the effect of his scene by any too closely defining title.

Art Notes.

JAN CHELMINSKI, a polish painter who has made a good local reputation, has on exhibition at Knoedler & Co.'s a well-painted and interesting picture which strikes a new note in American art. It is called 'The First Flight,' and depicts a scene in the Long Island Hunt. A gray sky and autumnal landscape form

an attractive background for the spirited and well-drawn figures of men, women, horses and dogs. The painting of the faces, which are all portraits, is very careful. The lady taking the lead on a bright bay horse is Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Jr. The man on a chestnut horse, taking the fence and facing the spectator, is Mr. Elliott Roosevelt. Following the leaders are Mrs. Belmont Purdy and Messrs. Herbert, Sands and Kernochan and W. K. Thorne.

—The exhibition of pictures held at the Union League Club last week, in connection with the Ladies' Reception, was very satisfactory. Many of the works were of great merit and offered a valuable study as examples of different European masters. The large Bouguereau, 'Mother and Child,' Cabanel's 'Francesca da Rimini,' two Meissoniers, a peasant subject by Chierici, a charming Jacquet, and some military subjects by Detaille, De Neuville and Berne-Bellecour, were among the most noteworthy figure-subjects. Landscape was represented by some admirable examples of Diaz, a fine Rousseau and a good Duprè.

—'Le Dernier Rayon,' one of the finest examples of Jules Breton ever seen in this country, is now on exhibition at Knoedler's. It shows wonderful effects of evening light. A group of three peasants is seated at the left near a white-walled thatched cottage, watching a little child who is running across the stretch of turf to meet its mother and father who are returning from the fields after the day's toil. The houses of the village and a line of trees are visible at the back of the composition. The light is concentrated on the right of the picture; the left is in shadow. The poetic side of French peasant life is worthily embodied in this painting.

—The prices brought by the pictures at the Rogers-Bookwalter sale were not encouraging to dealers in foreign art. Maurice Leloir's 'French Fair,' brought only \$390. Hugues Merle's 'Young Girl of Etretat' sold for \$2100. Chierici's charming Italian *genre* fetched \$1025, and Humar's 'Bird-Charmer' sold for the paltry sum of \$245. The best American work shown, Picknell's 'Route de Concarneau,' brought \$650. Boughton's 'Return of the Mayflower' went for \$3550, and Carl Hoff's 'Unexpected Return' \$2250. The sale as a whole realized \$68,054.

—The catalogue of the current exhibition of the New York Etching Club contains plates by Hamilton Hamilton, Stephen Parrish, Charles A. Platt, J. F. Sabin, Alexander Schilling, James D. Smillie, T. W. Wood and Leroy M. Yale. Mr. Parrish's 'London Bridge' deserves particular attention for its originality of composition and spirited handling. Mr. Platt's 'Deventer, Holland,' is delicate in effect and pure in line. Mr. Wood's figure subject is above the average in technical merits.

—Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, has at last been obliged to abandon his art on account of failing health, and has presented to the University of Michigan the entire contents of his studio, representing the work of many years and including rough sketches and original casts of his most famous works, besides the tools and implements associated with his labors. The Lewis Gallery of more than 600 paintings has recently been bequeathed to the same institution, and this, with the masterpieces of Greek statuary already in possession of the University, and the Rogers studio of more than 150 pieces, will form an excellent art-gallery.

—The Artists' Fund Exhibition—the twenty sixth—will begin at Ortgies & Co.'s gallery on Monday next, and remain open, free, until the sale at Association Hall on the 15th and 16th inst. The private view will be given this (Saturday) evening.

—Among the water-colors sold on Buyers' Day at the Water-Color Exhibition was Mr. Abbey's 'Old Song,' which brought \$3000. This is said to be the largest price ever paid for an American water-color. Farrer's 'Flush of Crimson Light' was sold for \$650. Edward, Percy and Leon Moran made important sales of their work. Most of the canvases were disposed of at low prices.—The sales of the recent Salmagundi Club Exhibition amounted to \$3472. H. P. Smith's marine brought \$400. Gilbert Gaul's 'soldier messenger' sold for \$150, and T. de Thulstrup's 'Attack on an Indian Camp' \$125. F. K. M. Rehn sold ten water-colors for \$1060.

A Hundred Books.

[The Standard, London.]

At the opening of the winter session of the Workingmen's College on Saturday Sir John Lubbock said of all the privileges we enjoyed in this Nineteenth Century there was none perhaps for which we ought to be more grateful than for the easier access to books. He proceeded: I have often wished some one would recommend a hundred good books. In the absence of such lists

I have picked out the books most frequently mentioned with approval by those who have referred directly or indirectly to the pleasures of reading, and have ventured to include some which, though less frequently mentioned, are especial favorites of my own. At the head of all non-Christian moralists I must place the 'Meditations' of Marcus Aurelius, certainly one of the noblest books in the whole of literature, so short, moreover, so accessible, and so well translated that it is always a source of wonder to me that it is so little read. The 'Analects' of Confucius will, I think, prove disappointing to most English readers, but the effect it has produced on the most numerous race of men constitutes in itself a peculiar interest. The 'Ethics' of Aristotle, perhaps, appear to some disadvantage from the very fact that they have so profoundly influenced our views of morality.

The Koran will to most of us derive its principal interest from the effect it has exercised, and still exercises, on so many millions of our fellow-men. I doubt whether, in any other respect, it will seem to repay perusal, and to most persons probably certain extracts, not too numerous, would appear sufficient.

The writings of the Apostolic Fathers have been collected in one volume by Wake. Of the later Fathers I have included only 'The Confessions of St. Augustine,' which Dr. Pusey selected for the commencement of the 'Library of the Fathers,' and, as he observes, has 'been translated again and again into almost every European language, and in all loved,' though Luther was of opinion that he 'wrote nothing to the purpose concerning faith.' But then he was no great admirer of the Fathers. St. Jerome, he says, writes, 'alas! very coldly.' Chrysostom 'digresses from the chief points;' St. Jerome is 'very poor;' and, in fact, Luther says, 'the more I read the books of the Fathers the more I find myself offended.' Among other devotional works most frequently recommended are Thomas à Kempis's 'Imitation of Christ,' Pascal's 'Pensées,' Spinoza's 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus,' Butler's 'Analogy of Religion,' Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' Keble's beautiful 'Christian Year,' and last, not least, Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

Aristotle and Plato again stand at the head of another class. The 'Politics' of Aristotle, and some, at any rate, of Plato's 'Dialogues,' perhaps the Phædo and the Republic, will be, of course, read by all who wish to know anything of the history of human thought, though I am heretical enough to doubt whether they repay the minute and laborious study often devoted to them. Aristotle being the father, if not the creator, of the modern scientific method, it has followed naturally, indeed, almost inevitably, that his principles have become part of our intellectual being, so that they seem now almost self-evident; while his actual observations, though very remarkable, as, for instance, when he observes that bees on one journey confine themselves to one kind of flower, still have been superseded by others carried on under more favorable conditions. We must not be ungrateful to the great master because his own lessons have taught us how to advance. [Hear, hear.] Plato, on the other hand—I say so with all respect—seems to me in some measure to play on words; very able, very philosophical, often very noble, but not conclusive, his arguments, in a language differently constructed, might tell in exactly the opposite sense. If this method has proved less fruitful, if in metaphysics we have made but little advance, that very fact in one point of view leaves the dialogues of Socrates as instructive now as ever they were; while the problems with which they deal will always rouse our interest, as the calm and lofty spirit which inspires them must command our admiration. I would also mention Æsop's Fables, Demosthenes's 'De Coronâ,' which Lord Brougham pronounced the greatest oration of the greatest of orators; Lucretius, Plutarch's 'Lives,' Horace, and at least the 'Offices, Friendship, and Old Age' of Cicero.

The great epics of the world have always constituted one of the most popular branches of literature. Yet how few comparatively ever read the Iliad or Odyssey, Hesiod, or Virgil, after leaving school. The Niebelungenlied, or great Saxon epic, is perhaps too much neglected, no doubt on account of its painful character. Brunhild and Kriemhild, indeed, are far from perfect, but we meet with no such 'live' women in Greek or Roman literature. Nor must I omit to mention Sir T. Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' though I confess I do so mainly in deference to the judgment of others. I should like, moreover, to say a word for Eastern poetry, such as portions of the Mahabharata and Ramayana (too long, probably, to be read through, but of which Talboys Wheeler has given a most interesting epitome in the first two volumes of his 'History of India'); the 'Shahnameh,' the work of the great Persian poet Firdusi (of which there is a good translation by Atkinson), and the 'Sheking,' the classical collection of ancient Chinese odes. Among the Greek tragedians

Æschylus, perhaps 'Prometheus,' and the Trilogy (Mark Pattison considered 'Agamemnon' the 'grandest work of creative genius in the whole range of literature'), or, as Mr. Grant Duff recommends, the 'Persæ;' Sophocles ('Edipus'), Euripides ('Medea'), and Aristophanes ('The Knights'), though I think most modern readers will prefer our modern poets.

In history we are beginning to feel that the vices and vicissitudes of Kings and Queens, the dates of battles and wars, are far less important than the development of human thought, the progress of art, of science, and of law; and the subject is on that very account even more interesting than ever. I will, however, only mention, and that rather from a literary than a historical point of view, Herodotus, Xenophon (the 'Anabasis'), Thucydides, and Tacitus ('Germania'); and of modern historians Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' Voltaire's 'Charles XII.,' or 'Louis XIV.,' Hume's 'History of England,' and Grote's 'History of Greece,' because with reference to others I find no general consensus of opinion, and so much must depend on the point of view from which the selection is made. Science is so rapidly progressive that though to many minds it is the most fruitful and interesting subject of all, I cannot here rest on that agreement which, rather than my own opinion, I take as the basis of my list. I will therefore only mention Bacon's 'Novum Organum,' Mill's 'Logic and Political Economy,' Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' and parts of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' as probably those who do not intend to make a study of political economy would scarcely read the whole.

Among voyages and travels, perhaps the most frequently suggested are Cook's 'Voyages' and Darwin's 'Naturalist on the Beagle,' Mr. Bright not long ago specially recommended the less known American poets, but he probably assumed that every one would have read Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, Spenser, Scott, Wordsworth (Mr. Arnold's selection), Pope, Southey, Longfellow, and others, before embarking on more doubtful adventures.

Among other books most frequently recommended are Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' Swift's 'Gulliver's Travels,' Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Arabian Nights,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Burke's 'Select Works,' the 'Essays' of Addison, Hume, Montaigne, Macaulay, and Emerson; the plays of Molière and Sheridan, Carlyle's 'Past and Present' and 'French Revolution,' and Goethe's 'Faust' and 'Wilhelm Meister.' Nor can one go wrong in recommending Berkeley's 'Human Knowledge,' Descartes's 'Discours sur la Méthode,' Locke's 'Conduct of the Understanding,' Lewes's 'History of Philosophy;' while, in order to keep within the number of 100, I can only mention of dramatists Molière and Sheridan; and, among novelists, Marivaux's 'La Vie de Marianne,' which Macaulay considered to be the best novel in any language, selections from Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, and last, not least, those of Scott, which are, indeed, a library in themselves.

To any lover of books the very mention of these names brings back a crowd of delicious memories, grateful recollections of peaceful home hours after the labors and anxieties of the day. How thankful we ought to be for these inestimable blessings, for this numberless host of friends, who never weary, betray or forsake us.

[The Pall Mall Gazette.]

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in giving the Working Men's College the list of the Best Hundred Books which we republished last week, added that 'if a few good guides would draw up similar lists it would be most useful.' Sir John Lubbock, like every other seriously minded and methodic man, had 'often been astonished to see how little care people devoted to the selection of what they read.' *Ars longa, vita brevis*; and with a view of neutralizing the inequality we determined to take up Sir John Lubbock's hint, and to invite all the best guides in England to place their clues to the bewildering labyrinth of books at the service of the public. With this object in view we applied to several leading English men and women in all the different walks of life. We sent them Sir John Lubbock's list and asked them for such comments thereon as would help the present generation to choose their reading more wisely. We have received a very large number of answers, and we shall lay before our readers all of them that seem to us to be of sufficient public interest. We begin our publication with the letter of the Prince of Wales, whose interest in the advancement of letters is well known, and who has courteously found time to answer our questions.

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, Jan. 15, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you for your letter of the 11th inst., and to assure you that he appreciates very sincerely the compliment which you are so good as to pay him

in requesting him to draw up a catalogue of books which might seem to him to be the most conducive to a healthy mental state. The application is one which would require much time and thought to answer satisfactorily, and the Prince speaks, therefore, with diffidence when he expresses an opinion that the list suggested by Sir John Lubbock could hardly be improved upon. His Royal Highness would, however, venture to remark that the works of Dryden should not be omitted from such an important and comprehensive list. I beg to remain, yours truly,

FRANCIS KNOLLYS.

The late Prime Minister is like the Prince of Wales in at least one respect—both of them are men of encyclopædic interests. Mr. Gladstone is well known to be an omnivorous reader, and he was naturally among the first of the judges to whom we forwarded Sir John Lubbock's list. Mr. Gladstone replied by return of post, and on a postcard, as follows:

*Mr Gladstone much regretted
that it is wholly beyond his
power to pay due attention
to the present or to the
very interesting suggestion of the
Acton Edition*

*It is within the scope of knowledge
that one person of vast reading,
induction, has framed a list of
books which must derive
much value from the enormous
breadth of the author's knowledge
of books. Mr Gladstone has no idea
whether Lib. Co. could be disposed
to make it known
Jan. 12 86*

The general public were able to form some idea of Lord Acton's 'vast reading' from his review of George Eliot's life some months ago in the *Nineteenth Century*, and we hope to be able in a subsequent article to lay before our readers the information to which Mr. Gladstone so properly attaches such high importance. Meanwhile, we pass on from the first of living English statesmen to the first of living English men of letters. The following is Mr. Ruskin's answer:—

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, Jan. 13, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR:—Putting my pen lightly through the needless—and blottesquely through the rubbish and poison of Sir John's list—I leave enough for a life's liberal reading—and choice for any true worker's loyal reading. I have added one quite vital and essential book—Livy (the two first books), and three plays of Aristophanes (Clouds, Birds, and Plutus). Of travels I read myself all old ones I can get hold of; of modern, Humboldt is the central model. Forbes (James Forbes in Alps) is essential to the modern Swiss tourist—of sense. Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

[The list—omitted here—is reproduced in fac-simile in the *Gazette*.]

From a maker of books it is a near cry to a keeper of them. Few men can know more of the book world than the librarian of the vast collection in Bloomsbury, and we next give, therefore, the letter which we have received from Mr. E. A. Bond:—

January 15, 1886.

DEAR SIR:—You will find it difficult to guide young people in their reading by merely forming a list of good books. Literature has many branches, each of which has its 'best books.' Let a young man choose his line of study, and he will find no difficulty in discovering the best authority in it. The result of several persons putting down the titles of books they considered 'best reading' would be an interesting but very imperfect bibliography of as many sections of literature. But fuller and better information is already obtainable from printed works—each department having special bibliographies. A choice selection of them is placed in the Museum Reading-room, and a list of them has been printed. A very useful guide to books in English is supplied by a work published in New York, entitled 'The Best Reading,' by A. B. Perkins, 8vo, 1877. The books are classified in the form of

an index to subjects. 'The English Catalogue,' with indexes for periods of years from 1837, published by Sampson Low & Co., is also extremely useful for ascertaining what has been written on any particular subject. But the beginner should be advised to read histories of the literature of his own and other countries—as Hallam's 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe,' Joseph Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' Craik's 'History of English Literature,' Paine's History, and others of the same class. These would give him a survey of the field, and would quicken his taste for what was naturally most congenial to him. Excuse me if in these general remarks I have evaded doing what you specially desired. Yours faithfully,

EDWD. A. BOND.

Our first instalment of letters would not be complete or representative without the opinion of some English woman of letters. We give, therefore, the following reply which we receive from one of the most accomplished and learned women of the day :—

76, Sloane-street, S.W., January 18.

SIR :—You ask me to send you a list of books on the lines indicated by Sir John Lubbock in his recent lecture at the Working Men's College, but allow me to say that in printing his selection you took occasion to make some very excellent criticisms on the wisdom of 'placing before working men, or any men whatever, such a vast and heterogeneous course of study,' and with these criticisms I entirely agree. To be in a position to properly understand and appreciate the works on Sir John's list, I undertake to say that one must have spent at least thirty years in preparatory study, and have had the command of, say, something more than a thousand other volumes. And I would ask, further, is this list to be considered simply as a list of literary masterpieces, or is it to present us with a general scheme of knowledge? Any list of books constructed with a view to the realization of such an ideal as the latter would be a very complicated affair, to be rewritten, too, with each succeeding year. If, on the other hand, we are only citing masterpieces of literature and making fancy libraries which may illustrate the extent and catholicity of our own tastes, our task is easier, and on the rough lines laid down by my friend Sir John Lubbock, we may put together a very pretty one.

In order to spare your space, I will not, however, proceed to recapitulate the great names, such as Homer, Dante, Virgil, Shakspeare, &c., which are down on Sir John's list, and about which there can be no question; I will only mention a few books which seem to me (taking European letters only into consideration) to cry for notice and which might profitably replace the works of Southey, Longfellow, Emerson, Bulwer Lytton, and others of minor note to whom Sir John has given equal place. I would add, for instance, Epictetus and Boethius to the non-Christian moralists, and St. François de Sales' 'Traité de l'Amour de Dieu' to the books on devotion; to the classics, Pliny's Letters; under history I would mention De Camille's 'Mémoires,' Clarendon's 'Rebellion,' Schiller's 'Thirty Years' War;' Hobbes's 'Leviathan' should not be forgotten in Philosophy, and, making a subdivision for Political Philosophy, I would cite Machiavel's 'Prince,' Bodin's 'Republic,' Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' Montesquieu's 'Considerations sur la Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains,' Bolingbroke, and M^{me}. de Staël's 'L'Allemagne.' The famous 'Familiar Colloquies' of Erasmus, should surely find a place under Literature, nor should Tasso, Petrarch, Leopardi, Boccaccio, be forgotten. Racine, M^{me}. de Sevigné, Le Sage ('Gil Blas'), La Bruyère, and La Rochefoucauld, Rousseau ('Confessions'), and Mrs. Craven's 'Le Recit d'une Sœur,' are as typical illustrations of the French genius as Molière. No readers of German can omit to make acquaintance with some of Schiller's plays and with Lessing's 'Laokoon;' while among the English poets I would claim notice for Chaucer, for Dryden ('The Hind and Panther'), for Gray ('Elegy' and Sonnet), and for Collins ('Ode to the Passions'). Walton's Lives must not be forgotten, nor Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' and among the essayists surely Bacon, De Quincey, and Charles Lamb must have a place. Ruskin's 'Crown of Wild Olive,' and 'Sesame and Lilies,' Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean' may also be added under this head, and no list of modern fiction which omits Spielhagen ('Problematische Naturen'), Hugo ('Notre Dame de Paris,' 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer'), and Balzac ('La Recherche de l'Absolu,' 'Eugenie Grandet,' and 'Peau de Chagrin') can be reckoned complete. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PALL MALL GAZETTE :

SIR :—As you have done me the honor of reprinting the names of the books which I suggested at the London Working Men's College on Saturday evening, perhaps you will permit me to say that I did not mention quite the whole hundred, of which I hope to give a complete list shortly in one of the monthlies? I did, however, recommend 'Don Quixote' and Epictetus. I shall be glad also if you will allow me to observe that I excluded (1) works by living authors, (2) science, and (3) history, with a very few exceptions, which I mentioned rather in their literary aspect. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN LUBBOCK.

HIGH ELMS, DOWN, KENT, Jan. 11.

Current Criticism

ROBERT BUCHANAN'S 'EARTHQUAKE.'—The very ground-plan is fatal—a modern adaptation of the 'Decameron,' so slavishly imitative as to border on plagiarism. By some bright conceit or clever distortion it might have been elevated into graceful, whimsical parody, like Mr. Stevenson's 'New Arabian Nights.' But no! we have a Lady Barbara and her fashionable intellectual set fleeing from London, threatened by an earthquake, to 'Ferndale Priory on the banks of Tweed,' where they discuss and narrate in verse, after the fashion of our old friends in prose. A thousand pities this—at every page we are reminded of the chasm between the glorious freedom and mental symphony of that joyous company, and the fevered, floundering, befogged jargon of their make-believe imitators. Granted the evil background of the 'Decameron,' the refined selfishness and cruelty (Manzoni has drawn the truly Christian contrast in his picture of another Plague—that of Milan under the martyr Borromeo), still the Ferndale picnickers are not less cowardly, less cynical, less frivolous. Nor can the picture be excused as satirical, since some of the characters are meant for flattering portraits of living celebrities. In short, it is a mistake.—E. Purcell, in *The Academy*.

A HANDSOME PRINTING-HOUSE.—And now, in order that such pride and hopefulness may be given another bit of solid ground to stand upon, let me beg my readers to turn aside some day from their usual path—to turn just a step out of Broadway and look at a big brick building which has recently been put up on Lafayette Place. It is a printing-house for Messrs. Theodore De Vinne & Co.—for printers, that is to say, who (especially in their printing of wood-cuts, though not in this direction alone) have done so much for our national reputation that we may well be glad to find them and their presses housed in dignity. Who could even have wished them such a housing but a few short years ago? Who then ever thought of 'architectural art' as concerned with those structures which are meant for work in one of its most laborious, most modern forms? Or even if we had thought of excellence and dignity as desirable in a mere utilitarian, commercial structure, who could then have realized them for us? Who could have built a printing-house which should be excellent, and dignified, and beautiful, and yet should look like itself, and not like a mistaken imitation of something quite different in intent? Go aside to Lafayette Place, however, and you will see that the thing can be done, and that we (which is to say Messrs. Babb and Cook), have found the way to do it. Nothing could well be simpler or severer, nothing could look more like a place to work and not to live, or to rule, or to play in. And yet so few structures in our city are architecturally so good and fine as this, that one cannot but regret most heartily that it does not stand on an open square, or at least on one of our greater thoroughfares.—M. G. Van Rensselaer, in *The Star*.

THE PEOPLE ALL RIGHT.—The Congressmen who are afraid to offend their constituents by supporting international copyright have grossly under-estimated the good sense and honest feeling of the people. Americans want cheap books, but they want nothing which they cannot have honorably. They are the last people in the world to begrudge a fair payment to the author whose books they read; and even if it were certain that the small percentage of the writer would come directly out of the pocket of the retail buyer, they would never object to a compensation so obviously just in principle and moderate in amount. International copyright has been defeated so far, not by the dishonesty of the people, but by the cowardice of their representatives who are afraid to trust the popular instinct of justice. The politician who takes it for granted that the people are sensible and high-minded will seldom make a mistake.—*The Tribune*.

Notes

THE fac-simile of Mr. Gladstone's post-card to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, given on another page of this week's CRITIC, is reproduced from a matrix kindly sent to us by the editor of that journal.

—M^{me}. Gréville's lectures have been arranged as follows: Friday evening, Feb. 5, 'How I Became an Author;' Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 9, at 4 o'clock, 'Russian Peasants and Priests;' Friday afternoon, Feb. 12, 'Russian Merchants and Noblemen;' Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 16, 'Le Roman de Famille en France.' The first and last will be delivered in French, the second and third in English, and they will all be given in Chickering Hall.

—W. S. Gilbert's uncivil letter to the Harpers in reply to a communication enclosing a cheque for fifty dollars which they sent him after the publication of a cheap edition of his librettos, will not tend to the amicable settlement of the international copyright discussion. The *New York Times* well says: 'It comes at a particularly unfortunate season, for there has never been so strong a disposition as there now is to secure justice by law to English authors in America and to American authors in England.'

—Sampson Low has taken the English agency of *Outing*.

—George Willis Cooke's 'Poets and Problems' is being put in type. In the first essay, on 'The Poet as a Teacher,' Mr. Cooke sets forth his notions about poetry. The essays on Tennyson and Browning are in some sort intended to illustrate these ideas.

—The publication day of Major Greely's record of the Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, 'Three Years of Arctic Service,' has been fixed as Feb. 16. The work will be sold exclusively by subscription, in two large octavo volumes.

—Thos. A. Janvier, who has spent several seasons in different parts of Mexico, is preparing a guidebook to that country for Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Janvier spent last winter in Mexico, and passed the summer and fall in the Catskill Mountains putting his materials together. He is now in New York reading the proof-sheets.

—Julius Chambers, author of 'On a Margin,' has a new novel in the press. It bears the taking title 'Lovers Four and Maidens Five, or One Too Many,' a story of Cresson Springs. The first edition of this book will be 25,000.

—'Domesticus: A Tale of the Imperial City,' is the title which has been given to Mr. William Allen Butler's novel. The work is chiefly a social study of New York life.

—Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold will shortly issue, through Messrs. Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, a series of studies on the home life and domestic habits of great writers. The articles have been printed in the *Chicago Tribune*.

—The most important period in the history of the United States since the close of the Revolution is treated in a work soon to be issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons—a 'History of the United States from 1840 Down to the Close of 1885,' by Prof. Alexander Johnston, of Princeton.

—Henry James's 'The Bostonians' will be published in this country and England by Macmillan & Co.

—Messrs. Harper have in press a volume on 'Manual Training,' by Charles H. Ham, which has special reference to industrial education as carried on in the Chicago Manual Training School.

—Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging the receipt of the first volume of Cassell's National Library, writes:—'I have received with pleasure your attractive reprint of Lord Macaulay's article on Warren Hastings. This reprint, at the low price of 3d., affords a new and gratifying indication of the place which the enterprise and capital of this country may hope prospectively to occupy in the great book trade of the world.'

—'The Late Mrs. Null' is the title of Frank R. Stockton's new novel in the press of Charles Scribner's Sons. The very name is suggestive of good things, and we are looking forward to the arrival of the late Mrs. Null with the keenest anticipations.

—Owing to the interest aroused by the publication last summer of Lord Beaconsfield's 'Home Letters,' Mr. Disraeli is about to give to the public another volume of his brother's letters, addressed to his sister during the earlier years of his social and political career.

—'Summer Haven Songs,' a first volume of poems, by James Herbert Morse, is announced by the Messrs. Putnam for speedy issue. As Mr. Morse is known as an acute and graceful writer of prose, interest naturally attaches to his first appearance in the field of poetry. The 'songs' in the present volume are not set to music. Other announcements of this house are 'Flights Inside and Outside Paradise: Sketches of Travel in Japan and Elsewhere,' by George Cullen Pearson; and, in the Story of the Nations Series, the histories of Chaldea, Spain, Germany and Norway. Since the previous announcements of this series were made, arrangements have been completed for the following volumes: 'The Story of Alexander's Empire,' by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy, of the University of Dublin; 'The Story of the Oriental Nations,' by Prof. Charles Darmesteter, of the College of France; 'The Story of the Hanseatic League,' by Helen Zimmern; and 'The Story of Turkey,' by Stanley Lane-Poole.

—Edmund Pendleton, who makes his first appearance as a novelist in the story 'A Conventional Bohemian,' published by the Appletons, is a brother of the United States Minister to Germany, who was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with McClellan in 1868. The scene of the story is laid among the summer cottages along the coast of Maine, where Mr. Pendleton spends his holidays, though his home is in the West.

—'A Brother to Dragons,' a story by an anonymous writer, will appear in the *March Atlantic*. Horace E. Scudder will write of the late Dr. Elisha Mulford in the same number, and Justin Winsor will contribute a paper on 'Americana.'

—D. C. Heath & Co. have issued the first number of their new monthly periodical, *The Citizen*, which is to be devoted to the interests of 'good citizenship and good government.' Contributions are printed from H. H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, and other writers of repute.

—The title of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke's new work is 'Light on the Hidden Way.' The book will be issued through Messrs. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, who announce it as 'a remarkable and thrilling romance of immortality.'

—Alexander H. Stephens's 'Impression of General Robert Edward Lee,' in the February *Southern Bivouac*, was dictated a short time before the writer's death, and never revised. It is accompanied by an unfamiliar portrait of General Lee taken from an early photograph. Paul H. Hayne has a poem on General Lee in the same magazine.

—The Rev. H. R. Haweis has ceased to write musical criticism for *Truth*, but retains his post as musical critic to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

—A third edition of Mr. Costello's 'Our Police Protectors' has appeared.

—Hugh Conway left two novels that have not yet been published. The authorized edition of one of them, 'A Cardinal Sin,' will be published by Henry Holt & Co. to-day.

—Walter Scott, the London publisher, announces 'Walt Whitman,' edited with an introduction by Ernest Rhys.

—James Anglim & Co., of Washington, send us Part I of their General Catalogue, giving the titles of nearly 600 books and pamphlets on the Civil War, including some Confederate publications, and embracing the slavery question and the reconstruction period. Many titles referring to the War are found also in the current Catalogue of F. P. Harper, of Barclay Street.

—Messrs. Putnam have in press 'A Study of Dante,' by Miss Susan D. Blow, with an introduction by Wm. T. Harris, LL.D.; also a new edition of 'Canoeing in Kanuckia,' with new material bringing it down to date.

—There is an excellent portrait of Mrs. Burnett in this month's *Book-Buyer*. The same number contains a review of Major Greely's 'Three Years of Arctic Service,' by Judge C. P. Daly, President of the American Geographical Society.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. have contracted with Mr. Howard Seely, author of 'A Lone Star Bo-Peep,' for all the stories he may write within the next five years.

—'Burglars in Paradise' is the striking title of the new serial Miss E. S. Phelps has written for *The Independent*.

—The announcement of the new novel by Marion Crawford, entitled 'The Story of a Lonely Parish,' has scarcely been made, when notice is given that he has just sent to the publishers of *Blackwood's Magazine* still another new work of fiction for serial publication, which will have for its name 'Prince Sarra-cinesca.'

—Berlioz's 'Damnation of Faust' will be given by the Symphony and Oratorio Societies at the Metropolitan Opera House this (Saturday) evening.

—'The Memoirs of the Empress Marie Louise,' from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand, just published by Scribner & Welford, will be found very entertaining reading.

—Another volume of reminiscences has just been published by Scribner & Welford—'The Journal of Mary Frampton.' Mary Frampton does not appear to have been any one in particular herself, but she knew every notable person who flourished during the first half of the present century. Amongst those whom she knew well was Mrs. Siddons, whom she pronounces 'always a dull woman in conversation,' and one who declaimed the simplest remarks. One day at dinner she is said to have turned to the gentleman next to her, and remarked in her most tragic tones: 'I am very ignorant, but I thirst for information; pray, what fish is that?'

—'In February,' by Frank Dempster Sherman, is one of the original poems in Lothrop & Co.'s volume of selections entitled 'February.'

—The sudden death of the famous tenor, Joseph Maas, caused general mourning last month among the members of the musical profession, not only in England but in this country, where he was well known from his appearance here in English opera some years ago. Mr. Maas seemed almost at the beginning of a long and brilliant career, for he was only born in 1847.

—Père Didon, the well-known Dominican priest, is said to be writing an elaborate reply to M. Renan's 'Vie de Jésus.'

—'Our American cousins would be surprised,' says *The Academy*, 'at a recent announcement in the columns of some of our contemporaries, that Jules Verne was engaged to write a romance for a number of English newspapers, seeing that the story in question—"Mathias Sandorf"—has not only already appeared in the *feuilletons* of the French press, but has also completed serial publication in the United States, where the concluding chapter appeared last month. The first instalment was published in several English newspapers, through Messrs. Tiltson & Son, of Bolton, on January 16.'

—Mr. W. A. Crofut's 'History of the Vanderbilts,' which we understand is the 'authorized' account of the family, will be published in February by Belford, Clarke & Co.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance.]

Armstrong's Primer of English History, 50 c. N. Y. : A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Astor Library, Annual Report of the Trustees of, for 1885. New York.
Beecher, H. W. Evolution and Religion, \$1. N. Y. : Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Bradshaw, A. A Crismen Stain, 25 c. N. Y. : Cassell & Co.
Capel, Monsignor. The Pope N. Y. : F. R. Pustet & Co.
Commemoration of the Bi-Centenary of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.
Huguenot Society of America.
King, M. Handbook of Boston, \$1. Boston : Moses King.
Lee, S. L. Stories of Provence, 25 c. N. Y. : Harper & Bros.
Montague, C. H. Two Strokes of the Bell, 50 c. Boston : W. I. Harris & Co.
Murray, D. C. Rainbow Gold, 20 c. N. Y. : Harper & Bros.
Pellico, S. My Ten Years' Imprisonment, 10 c. N. Y. : Cassell & Co.
Philadelphia Library Company Bulletin Philadelphia.
Proceedings at New York of American Oriental Soc'y.
Remsen, I. Introduction to the Study of Chemistry, \$1.40. N. Y. : H. Holt & Co.
Sleight, M. B. The House at Crague, \$1.25. N. Y. : Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.
Telephone Talk N. Y. : A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.
Thompson, C. O. A Review of the Reports of the British Royal Commissioners.
Washington : Bureau of Education.
Valentines Boston : L. Prang & Co.
Walworth, J. H. Without Blemish, \$1.25. N. Y. : Cassell & Co.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1092.—Can any of your readers tell me where the following lines may be found?

'Tis poor and unbecoming perfect gentry,
To build their fortunes at their father's cost,
But at their own expense of blood or virtue
To raise them living monuments. Our birth
Is not our own act, etc.

NEW YORK CITY.

M. J.

No. 1093.—What work on astronomy would you recommend to an intelligent youth who had not paid special attention to the subject?

DAYTON, O. G. H. W.

[For a book to read and refer to, for general astronomical information, we prefer, on the whole, Newcomb's 'Popular Astronomy,' (Harper & Bros. \$2.50. School Edition, \$1.30.) Herschel's 'Outlines of Astronomy' is, and always will be, excellent, though now a little old. The tenth edition, issued in 1876 by D. Appleton & Co. (\$4) is the latest. But it is not well

adapted to class use. Beckett's 'Astronomy without Mathematics' (Pott, Young & Co., 1876) may have almost the same said of it. It is a smaller book. Prof. Robert S. Ball's 'Elements of Astronomy' (Appleton, \$2.25) is somewhat better for class work, although incomplete on the physical side. For high schools and academies we should be in doubt whether to choose Sharpless and Phillips's 'Astronomy for Schools and General Readers' (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$1) or Newcomb and Holden's 'Astronomy' (Briefer Course, Henry Holt & Co., \$1.12). This is a long reply to a brief question, but it would be difficult to make it more concise.]

No. 1094.—1. I should like to know by whom and of whom the following familiar lines were written, and where I can find them. I may not remember the first two lines absolutely accurately. I cannot find them in any of a number of books of quotations to which I have access.

The cannon's deep roar and the musketry's rattle
He hears not, he hears not, he's free from all pain.
He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

2. Can you give the author of the following sentence, and tell where I can find it? Oae says it is from Montaigne, but cannot give chapter and verse exactly.

Ce n'est pas la mort que je crains, c'est le mourir.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

J.

No. 1095.—What is the 'Sheraton shelf' on which are books, referred to in Andrew Lang's 'clever metrical review' of Dobson's 'At the Sign of the Lyre'?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. W. L.

[Sheraton is the name of the maker of the shelf. There is no prettier furniture than that made about the middle of the last century by Thomas Sheraton, and a writer who possesses so much of the spirit of the Eighteenth Century as Austin Dobson would naturally keep his books on a 'Sheraton shelf.']

No. 1096.—Can you tell me whether a person can take out a copyright over a *nom de plume*? For instance, if I write a book and want to preserve my anonymity, can I call myself High Low Jack and take out a copyright in that name?

NEW YORK CITY.

T. S.

[Your question has not been decided by the courts to our knowledge, and the Statute is not wholly free from doubt. We think, however, that, while there is no question that a book may be published under an assumed name, it might be a fatal objection to the validity of the copyright to use an assumed name in the copyright notice.]

No. 1097.—Who wrote, and where can I find, a little poem beginning

Let your summer friends go by
With the summer weather?

WARNER, N. H.

M. B. H.

ANSWERS.

No. 1054.—M. B. H., box 167, Warner, N. H., writes that 'Allen Percy' is by the late Hon. Caroline Norton, and that he will send a copy of the poem to A. R. B., of Prior Lake, Minn., on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.—A. G. R. P., of Norwalk, Conn., says that the song, as sung by Mme. Anna Abramowicz thirty-five years ago, was published by J. L. Peters & Bros., of St. Louis. This version was dedicated to Miss Margaret B. Morton, but the author's name did not appear on it.—A. M., of Bergen Point, N. J., has copied the first verse of the ballad from Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry,' as reprinted herewith:

It was a beauteous lady richly dressed;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there.
In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree;
Is the dim heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
The place where an Earl's son should cradle be?
Lullaby!

No. 1075.—The story of Curran and Mrs. Moriarty, the apple-woman of the 'Four Courts,' is well-known in Dublin where I heard it. I once saw it in print as an advertisement on the card of a 'gent's' furnishing house, (Moriarty's) in Stephen's Green. Curran's final epithet was 'the hypothenuse of a right-angled triangle.'

KANSAS CITY, MO.

J. V. T.

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